
Title: Events an Eventualities I

Author: Bal-Anon Dak

"My lady, do you
require anything
else?" Sascha watched
her mistress
carefully as she
placed the tray on the
side table. The servant
girl had come to
recognize her lady's
moods and she had
only seen this one
twice before. Once
when Lord Kil'Jaeden
disappeared in the
New Lands and again
when Lord Vailen was
taken, some say by
daemons a while ago.
An ominous gloom had
invaded the house as
once again Lady
Velaska fell into
another of her somber
brooding states. This
one was different,
darker. Lady Velaska
had taken to sleeping
most of the day,
rising just as the sun
set in the evening. She
refused to see anyone,
'cept Lady Tara and on
occasion that eerie
man know as Yarp.
Sascha never liked
that Tara woman. She
drank too much and
her mouth as a foul as
any common seaman.
'Twas said she was
once the admiral of
the Lost Order's navy.
A job no real lady of
quality would even
consider. Now it
seems she was around
more than ever,
creeping up to the door

like a shadow. Sascha
shuddered. Between
Tara and that Yarp
fellow, she wondered
if Lady Velaska
wouldn't have the
devil himself show up
one eve as a dinner
guest. She glanced at
the woman as she
continued to write
furiously. "Milady,
.?"
"Begone!" spat Velaska,
" and do not come back
'til I call for you."
"What milady?"
Sascha was in shock,
her employer had
never spoken to her
this way before.
"I said get out and stay
out! Are you deaf?
Now go!"

Tears streaming from
her eyes, the servant
girl rushed from the
room. She could not
stay here any longer.
The abbey, she would
seek refuge in there.
As the last rays of
twilight surrendered
to nightfall, Velaska
remained at her desk.
The tray of food had
long since lost its
warmth. Then they
came. First one voice,
then a second and a
third. More and more
voices joined the
malignant cacophony
calling to her. She did
not resist as the
shadowy chorus
washed over her,
baptizing her in their
vile song. Closing her
eyes, she hoped sleep
would claim her
before the shadows
did. Later that night
she awoke to a child's
song. She recognized
the tune as one she
and her sister Jade

often sang as they
played together as
children. Going over to
the window, she
pulled back the
curtain. It was well
past any normal
child's bedtime but
little Mary was out,
wandering about the
village. As her eyes
adjusted to the pale
moonlight, she
watched quietly at the
scene unfolding in the
courtyard. A macabre
mockery of a child's
tea party. The little
girl dutifully attended
to her guests, each cup
carefully filled with
the deadly brew of
nightshade and
madness. One of
them, a noblewoman
begged for mercy. A
few brief words
would relieve the
agonized woman from
her pain. For the
briefest of moments
she considered
intervening. It seemed
an eternity passed
before she slowly let
the velvet curtain fall
from her fingers. As
the heavy material
slipped across the
window blotting out
the mayhem below, a
darkness manifested
in the room. Blacker
than night itself, the
shadow smiled as yet
another light in the
Order flickered and
died.